

The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

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Andrew Price, Editor

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Satan in de Bombshell.

Oh, whar yer gwine ter be w'en bullets is a flyin' in de bombshell in a gwine lad a dill chile a cvin'?

W'en yer heah him comin' - comin' ter bust de winder in de; axin' frum the keyhole, "Whar is you - whar is you?"

Oh b. lievers,
Keep a prayin' mo'!
Satan in de bombshell,
Knockin' at de do!

Oh, whar yer gwine ter be w'en de so-jers come a-gunnin'!
En-de flyin' 'er de bullet beat de fates' man a-runnin'?

W'en yer heah de bombshell axin', as he bust de winder throo:
"In how is all ye emany, an whar - Oh, whar is you?"

Oh believers,
Keep a prayin' mo'!
Satan in de bombshell,
Knockin' at de do!

[FRANK L. STAUNTON.]

County Sketches.

THE DOCTOR.

We now turn to that rock in the weary land the country doctor, and being in tolerable fair health we feel the necessary independence to review that functionary whose business it is to alleviate some of the ills of life. By country doctor we mean the practitioner who lives in the country and wears old clothes, in contradistinction to the one who lives in the city and wears good clothes.

The time comes when every man has to put his life into the hands of the doctor, and the fatalist who loudly declares that what will be, will be, in time of health, is about the first gentleman to demand his services when sickness comes upon him.

Formerly there were many doctors who took up the profession by instinct, and drifted into the way of tinkering up old bodies very much as a lot of jewelers get to fixing watches and clocks. These were the Thomsonian doctors, followers of Dr Samuel Thomson, who died in Massachusetts in 1843 and were supposed to use vegetable compounds, mainly lobelia and cayenne pepper, but they were apt to be a little too haughty with colamel in order that they might retain their patients. Our doctors have become all allopaths, by which proud term the doctor means to tell you that he belongs to the regular school of practitioners, and not to the homeopaths who believe in that the hair of the dog will cure the bite. Homeopaths do not flourish among us. They are used to administering rain-water and such mild tonics, while we call for more heroic treatment and want something to jolt us.

Once upon a time we made our own cloth, and grew our own groceries, and raised our own doctors, but of late years we have been going to the city for all these, and the latter day doctor has his "sheepskin" from some medical college as his credentials. There is a popular fallacy that the young man fresh from his books with a thorough knowledge of the latest scientific discoveries is a better doctor than those old fogies who have not been to college for years, that enables the young man to start on a lucrative practice. He is indeed well fitted for some brilliant exploit to make or mar a man. Besides this valuable aid, if he is only nice and sympathetic, he will find enough old ladies of both sexes to lick up hot drops bringing temporary relief to them and the young doctor's exchequer.

We have marked the tendency of these young gentlemen to be highly scientific. When they have occasion to refer to measles they say *rubeola*; whooping-cough is *perussis* with them; and mumps *parotitis*. Those who have the scientific classical knowledge are the most apt to introduce learned terms into their talk, and one graduate of our acquaintance covered himself with mud when in society. He had been especially ornate, and an artless young lady was present. She was one of those young girls who give dense-headed young men "the song and dance," by pretending to be so trusting and foolish, and cause the

young man to fall over himself in explaining the point of some remark he had thought particularly bright. You all know the kind of girl we mean, and she can not be blamed when she, so bright mentally, gets all the amusement possible out of the society she has to endure.

The doctor told them the pin that he wore showed that he belonged to a Greek letter fraternity, and the ingenious young girl exclaimed:

"Oh, Doctor, there is something I want to ask you. We were wondering the other day what the Greek letter for Z is? We said then that Dr Blank would know."

The doctor looked blank as his name for a second, but he brightened amazingly:

"I wish our old professor had asked such questions on exam," he said. "Do u'ly remember what the Bible says, 'From alpha to omega.' Alpha A, omega Z, you know."

"But Doctor, I thought Omega stood for some kind of an O."

"Well, really, now-by the way, ladies, you must excuse me! I have several calls to make this afternoon. Good evening."

But when the young man has faced death a few times in a struggle at the bedside of a stricken man and fought it out, he alone standing between his patient and eternity, the nonsense leaves him, and he becomes a deep, thoughtful man, or abandons his work as being too great for him.

Then he is more concerned about the sheep-skin under his saddle than the one that hangs up in his office. The snow never gets too deep or the nights too wild for him to go. Over the roughest and steepest hills or through the trackless woods he takes his daily way until he and his horse acquire an unnatural knowledge of the wilderness over which he rides. Giving the same attention to the poor who can not pay that he does to his patients who have money, he has an opportunity and daily shows an enviable amount of charity. Who has such a chance to die a benefactor to his race, or who experiences so much of the blackest ingratitude!

The doctor at the bedside is at all times a nobler sight than the doctor at large. The savage who practices the art of healing recognizes the fact that he must make himself mysterious and keep away from the common run of men. Our doctors do not find it convenient to remain in a dark room until needed, but mix with their fellow men and get the same amount of enjoyment out of life. They are active in business, attend to affairs of the church, schools and state. They are affected by faults and failings, and they generally evince a lot of professional jealousy. In strictest confidence they speak of the death dealing ways of a brother doctor, but they never mean any thing by it. This is proven when their testimony is taken. Some unfortunate man has a pain in his in'ards, and the doctor, being considerably puzzled, takes a big knife and cuts him open, and the man, after suffering from innumerable stitches in his side, dies. His representative sues the doctor for mal-practice, and all the other doctors take the witness stand, and, having answered innumerable hypothetical questions propounded in an anxious voice by the plaintiff's attorney, the substance of the testimony is to the effect that the only chance the man had was to be cut open and sewed up again.

The profession is a unit in fighting the medicines which have been patented and which are put up in convenient form, like the cigarette, and taken indiscriminately, proving to be one man's meat and another's poison.

Our doctors have hard work to do, but they prosper as a rule. They are supposed to welcome the coming and speed the departing man, but "until men are built like angels," the country doctor with his saddle-bags will go up and down the land curing the sick, giving relief, and all the time fattening on the ills of life.

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

John Harmon Conrad - A Settler on Deer Creek.

For more than a century the name of Conrad has been a familiar one among our pioneer people. Very soon after the Revolution, John Harmon Conrad, a native of Maryland, and his wife Elizabeth, whose family name is not remembered, settled on the North Branch of Deer Creek. They went into the woods on lands bought of John Brown, who lived at that time near Parnassus, Augusta County. This place is now occupied by Oscar Orndorff.

Mr and Mrs Conrad were the parents of three sons, Solomon, John and David, and three daughters, Mary, Nancy and Sally.

Three of these, David, Nancy and Sally died of camp fever during the war of 1812. Solomon Conrad had been in service at Norfolk and came home sick with the fever and from him the others took it, and died in quick succession.

Mary Conrad married Charles Martin, lived awhile on part of the homestead, and then moved to the western part of the State.

John Conrad went to Ohio where he married and reared two children,

Mary Ann Conrad was married to the late William Orndorff and lived at the parental home. Their children were Oscar, Margaret, Estel, Mollie and Laura.

The late William Orndorff was a native of Tennessee. In youth he volunteered for service in the Mexican war and went with a company from the city of Memphis. Captain W. L. Lacy was in command of the company, and one of the lieutenants was the Captain Anderson who was killed in December 1861, in the battle on the Top of Alleghany.

Thus with the assistance of Mrs William Orndorff, the compiler has been enabled to present some thing to illustrate the family history of the Conrad relationship in our county.

In his day and generation Solomon Conrad was one of the sterling citizens of his part of the county. Being the eldest of his father's family in their pioneer home, he had to labor hard from childhood in assisting to make a support. In early manhood his services in war were required and he left his home with its pure air, crystal waters and balmy skies, marched four hundred miles to the front, near

scientiously truthful, honest almost to excess and would stop for nothing in his power to oblige a friend or to help the needy. Even unfriendly persons would find in him a kind and helpful friend in their troubles, and, if they would not let him do them favors, they would find out sooner or later that he never did them any harm, and they would honor his memory by regretting that they ever allowed themselves to have any hard feeling toward their aimable neighbor.

Mrs Mary Hogsett Conrad was a superior person, and while she lived exerted a good refining influence in all the relations of life. She was an excellent home keeper, a helpful and benevolent neighbor and her lady like manners impressed every one that met her. She was a good specimen of what it was to be a genuine Scotch-Irish matron.

Mr and Mrs Conrad could appreciate the sentiment of these words, Scotch-Irish people love so well to sing:

Thro' many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come;
'Twas grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

SPEECH OF JOHN T. MCGRAW.

Accepts the Nomination for Congress in the 2d District.

The following is the speech of John T. McGraw, accepting the Democratic nomination for Congress in the Second District, at Elkins, August 10, 1898:

MR CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION:

For the conspicuous, the commanding honor you have conferred upon me I thank you with feelings of gratitude which find words inadequate to their proper expression. Thanks, it has been said by the philosophers, is a little word, but it means much when there is a heart behind it. To stand its invested champion of this district's imperial democracy, to be worthy of such an honor and to receive it in such a manner, is a distinction which no man is big enough to decline and few small enough to fail in its proper appreciation. This sentiment gathers on the way, as it emphasizes the fact that no act of mine has contributed to the result.

"In accepting the result of your action and assuming the responsibility which it entails, I can only promise you the full measure of such abilities as a good God has given me and pledge you that the standard which you today place in my hands shall have inscribed upon it no neutral principle but a fearless and vigorous democracy—a democracy which rejoices in the history of its past as a party and looks with no pessimistic views in the future.

"To be a democrat today—a Jeffersonian democrat—should be the proudest badge of American citizenship, because its designation represents a party which has resisted the empire of decay, and which has given to immortality a record which has added, with each recurring year, new lustre to the American name and contributed so much to the greatness, the grandeur, and the perpetuity of the American Republic. As a party its illustrious founder stood sentinel at the birth of liberty in the western world and breathed the breath of enduring life into the declaration of freedom, while he welded into organic form the great charter of popular government. Its principles and its administration of public affairs gave, by conquest and by treaty, to the American people a domain which extends from the eastern to the western seas and from the tropical base of southern commerce to the frozen waters of the great north-west. It successfully met on land and sea foreign invader and domestic foe, while it extended to every port American commerce under the flag of the American flag.

"By the action of a Democratic president it promulgated, years before the Republican party wore its swaddling clothes, the democratic doctrine affirmed here today that no kingly power should find a resting place on this continent; and the devastated plains of Porto Rico and deserted battlements of Santiago are today telling the story of the affirmation of that Democratic doctrine.

"Always the champion of the people it has stood as Jackson stood—a stone wall against constitutional encroachments; protecting the rights of individual citizenship against the aggressions of aggregated wealth, while at the same time it shields corporate

rights and vested interests against the red-handed drone who would loot the industrial hive.

"From its ranks, as a party, has been drawn, liberally drawn, the blood and treasure which has written the best pages of American history. The halo of glory which now surrounds the American soldier and sailor is the prompting of that patriotism which her teachings inspire. When humanity revolted against Spanish brutality on Cuban soil, it was Democracy's voice which was first heard in demanding belligerent rights for the patriotic sons of the island, and when Spanish treachery caused the widows and mothers of American sailors to wear the weeds of mourning, it was the democratic party that proclaimed that blood alone could wipe out the crime committed in Havana harbor, and that the lives of American citizens were above and beyond the price which mere money could repay. Such are the teachings of this old party, ever ancient and ever new, at whose shrine we today renew our allegiance, and whose principles are as essential today to the perpetuity of our national character as they were at the formation of the government. She has stood at the cradle, and shed the tear of the laureled conqueror over the grave of all the elder parties, and has listened frequently to the prediction of her own death and speedily dissolution, but—

"The snow-white hind,
So often doomed to death,
Is fated not to die."

She stands today redolent in the memory of her past and proclaiming her principles for the safety of the future. She demands the vigorous enforcement of her ancient democratic doctrine, as promulgated by Monroe, and that the integrity of the American name shall not be weakened by the allurements of foreign conquests or the glittering dross of imperial dynasties. That a war founded on humanity's laws and called into existence for the purposes of benevolence, shall not be converted into a scheme for the perpetuation of an office-holding oligarchy, or a government by the people converted into a military despotism. She demands, in harmony with her great principles, an American policy which will protect American interests on every sea, and enable the American people to have, to keep and maintain an American financial, commercial, and industrial policy of their own, that will settle our own questions in our own way without reference to any other power, prince, or potentate on earth. A democratic party which, with the advent of the new century, will make the American name a synonym of integrity, intelligence, and justice; so that when a new China is to be dismembered an American ambassador shall sit at the council board of nations, not for booty or an extension of our imperial domain, but to protect American interests and enforce equal and exact justice among the nations of the earth.

"And now, my friends, thanking you again, not only for the honor you have conferred upon me, but for the patience with which you have heard me as well, I want to add that I am ready for the contest. With your kind cooperation, with the same generosity you have manifested here today, I can and will be elected. But whatever shall come to me personally, so long as I can feel that I have your sympathy, so long as I know I possess your good will, confidence, and esteem, and that I can return to you undimmed by weakness and unassailed by dishonor the proud banner which you entrust to my keeping, whether the result shall bring success or defeat, I will still feel that I have not made the contest in vain. And when I am elected to the exalted position for which I stand by your concerted action today, I promise you, here and now that when young Hannibal went to the altar of his Gods and there swore eternal hostility to the enemies of his country, he never kept the oath more faithfully than I shall keep the one which will make me your agent, your representative in the halls of the American Congress."

Comparatively few of the volunteer regiments seem to be willing to be mustered out of service. It looks as if the army may have to be reduced by arbitrary order. After all the brave boys have not had their satisfaction yet.

The financial showing of the United States after the hundred and fourteen days war is something unique in the history of wars. The war closed with an available cash balance of \$371,967,512 in the national treasury. Nearly \$200,000,000 of this is in gold.

In Memoriam.

ROBERT D. KERR.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I never knew this man whose splendid life
Was not caught hence in hot and bitter strife
Of battle where the bullets whistling sped,
And the wild shells went crashing overhead;
But, blighted by the scorching fever's breath,
Ere yet his sun had risen, he sank in death.

But, brave and faithful, I had marked his way,
Not one to flinch, wherever duty lay,
Honored already for his gifts, and sought
Because of work, his hands and brain had wrought,
Beneath his country's flag no truer son
Has given his life, so that her cause be won.

Asleep, beneath the blue Pacific waves,
Where deep the ocean keeps her many graves,
God's loving eye hath marked and keeps the spot;
The honored name that knew not stain or blot,
Is written high on scroll of deathless fame,
But safer still, our Father keeps his name.

And he shall rise, when dawns that day supreme
Which oft we see in vision and in dream;
When the great angel sounds his trumpet blast,
And all God's saints awaken, time and past,
And death and war and earthly peril and pain,
All of the things that never come again,
Then he shall rise and they who grieve to-day
Shall meet him where the shadows flee away,
And ever more in that dear father-land,
Shall find the loved and hold him by the hand.

Grieve not, oh! tender broken mother-heart,
As one who doth not know the better part,
Father and sister, all the household dear,
Think of him now as safe, and sometimes near;
For Heaven is never very far away
And Christ is evermore our strength and stay
If, trusting Him, we take life's loss and dole,
As sent to make us, by His blessing, whole.

Sleep well beloved! No tears shall break thy rest,
The waves that wrap thee from all earthly quest,
Break softly on the shore where all is balm,
And Heaven singe ever the unending psalm.

ren, whose names are not remembered.

Solomon Conrad, the soldier of the war of 1812, married Mary Hogsett Brown, daughter of John Brown, mentioned above, from whom the Conrad property was purchased. He claimed so much land that the extent sounds fabulous to our ears. There is every probability that Brown's Mountain and Brown's Creek were named from him. Mr Brown finally moved to Montgomery County, and there Solomon Conrad was married and then settled at the homestead. They were the parents of three children, John, Margaret and Mary Ann.

John Conrad married Hulda Spaton and occupied the eastern section of the homestead. Their children were Charles, Emory, Marietta and Alice.

Charles married Hulda Kerr, of Jacob, and settled on the homestead.

Emory married Eliza Wooddell and lives near Liberty.

Marietta became Mrs Wilson Pugh, and lives on the homestead.

Alice married Milton Gum and lives on the home place.

Margaret Conrad, of Solomon, became Mrs Addison Nottingham, first wife, and lived near Glade Hill. Her surviving son, Amos Nottingham, lives in Dakota.

Norfolk, to experience the vicissitudes of camp life. He rendered faithfully the service required of him, and when discharged he had to retrace those four hundred miles weak and faint with incipient fever in his veins, and barely able to reach home.

Great was joy that thrilled parents, sisters and brothers when Solomon came back from the war. Even at this time, so many years after the occurrence, it is hard to repress one's emotions in recalling the sad sequel. The young soldier, becoming prostrated in his delirium, would talk of the camp and pitifully express his longings for home. Then one by one the family came down, and it was difficult to get aid from the neighbors as many seemed panic-stricken and dreaded to expose themselves. There was no medicinal aid nearer than Staunton or the Warm Springs.

Long as he lived memories of these sorrowful days seemed to have overshadowed his spirit and to have imparted a tone of subdued seriousness to his whole demeanor.

In mature life Solomon Conrad made a public profession of his faith in the Lord Jesus, lived a quiet exemplary life, and was held in high esteem for many attractive traits of character. He was con-